

MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES

IN

10¢



YOU PROMISED TO HELP ME BUT...IT'S TRUE, YOU ARE A WITCH-LET ME GO.

DON'T BE AFRAID. THESE ARE MY FRIENDS. MY BREW WILL BRING YOU LUCK!!!

TALES OF
HORROR

STRANGEST TALES
EVER HEARD









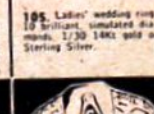

























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HEH, HEH, SO YOU'RE STILL HERE, EN, FIENDS? WELL YOU WON'T BE SORRY YOU STUCK AROUND, FELLOW TERRORISTS! I'VE GOT A DELIGHTFULLY GRUESOME TALE OF HORROR TO CHILL YOU WITH! IT'S FILLED WITH MYSTERY AND ANCIENT JU-JUBE TORTURES... I CALL IT...

THE DEATH HEAD!



HENRY JEFFERY, AN ATTRACTIVE MAN IN HIS EARLY THIRTIES, WHISTLED AS HE DRESSED AND WHY NOT? IT WAS HIS WEDDING DAY...

LOOK YOUR BEST, HENRY BOY... THIS IS IT, THE BIG DAY! GOOD-BYE TO DEBTS AND POVERTY... FROM NOW ON, IT'S NOTHING BUT THE BEST FOR THIS BOY!



SO LONG TO CHEAP FURNISHED ROOMS... IN JUST TWO HOURS I'LL BE A WEALTHY MAN... MARRIED TO A TOBACCO QUEEN!



OUR "HERO" ISN'T VERY ROMANTIC, IS HE? ALAS, SUCH IS THE POWER OF MONEY, HEH, HEH! NOW, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT HENRY'S BRIDE-TO-BE, ANNE LAYTON...



OH LOEEL, THIS 'LL BE THE BIGGEST WEDDING-NEW ORLEANS HAS EVER SEEN! I WISH MOMMA AND POPPA HAD LIVED TO SEE IT! I KNOW THEY'D LOVE HENRY AS A SON-IN-LAW!

YOUR POPPA SMART MAN... MAKES LOTS OF MONEY! IF HENRY HURT YOU, I USE JU-JUBE!



OH, YES, ANNE'S FATHER HAD MADE A FORTUNE... AND WHEN HE AND HIS WIFE DIED, THEY LEFT ANNE WITH A TWO MILLION DOLLAR TOBACCO INHERITANCE... THERE WAS NOTHING SHE COULDN'T AFFORD TO BUY... EVEN A HUSBAND, HEH! HEH! ...BUT LOEEL WORSHIPPED ANNE...

...IN SICKNESS, AND IN HEALTH, FOR RICHER OR POORER, TILL DEATH DO YOU PART?

I DO! ESPECIALLY FOR "RICHER" ...HA HA!



AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED... AFTER THEIR HONEYMOON, THE NEWLY-WEDS SETTLED IN ANNE'S PALATIAL ESTATE ON THE EDGE OF THE LOUISIANA BAYOU COUNTRY...

WILL THERE BE ANYTHING ELSE, MISS ANNE?

NO, LOEEL, THAT WILL BE ALL!



THAT WOMAN GIVES ME THE CREEPS, SHE'S SO QUIET, SO WITHDRAWN... LIKE A SNEAKY CAT!

YOU'RE WRONG, DARLING... THAT'S JUST LOEEL'S MANNER... SHE'S BEEN WITH THE FAMILY FOR YEARS! HER MOTHER WAS THE WIFE OF AN AFRICAN TRIBAL LEADER IN THE CANNIBAL COUNTRY! LOEEL WAS BROUGHT UP WITH THE TRIBE AND DAD BROUGHT HER HERE AS A YOUNG GIRL! SHE COULDN'T BE MORE LOYAL TO ME!



I THINK THIS LAZY LIVING IS MAKING YOU GROUCHY... COME ON, LET'S TAKE A FAST RIDE ON A COUPLE OF THE HORSES!

OKAY! I'LL EVEN RACE YOU!



AND SHORTLY AFTER...

HURRY UP SLOW POKE, I'M GOING TO BEAT YOU OVER THE HEDGE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, SILLY GIRL! I'LL MAKE IT OVER BEFORE YOU KNOW WHAT PASSED YOU!



BUT HENRY WAS WRONG... ANNE REACHED THE HEDGE FIRST AND...

SEE, I TOLD YOU I'D EEEKKK!

ANNE!



ANNE HIT THE GROUND WITH A SICKENING THUD...

M-MY BACK... OHHH...
M-MY BACK...

I'M COMING, ANNE...
I'M COMING!

HENRY CARRIED HIS
WIFE'S CRUMPLED
BODY BACK TO THE
HOUSE AND A DOC-
TOR WAS IMMEDIATE-
LY SUMMONED...
AS HE WAITED FOR
THE DOCTOR'S
VERDICT...

M-MAYBE SHE'LL DIE... MAYBE THAT
WHOLE FORTUNE WILL COME TO ME...
ME ALONE!

BUT WHEN THE DOCTOR WALKED OUT...

DOCTOR,
IS SHE...
IS SHE...

NO, MR. JEFFERY, SHE'S NOT DEAD,
BUT I'M AFRAID I HAVE BAD
NEWS FOR YOU! YOUR WIFE
HAS BEEN PARALYZED FROM
THE WAIST DOWN! SHE'LL BE
AN INVALID ALL THE REST
OF HER LIFE!

POOR HENRY...
ANNE'S PARALY-
SIS TURNED HIM
FROM A LAZY
PLAYBOY INTO
A CONSTANT
NURSE...

HENRY, GET ME MY GLASSES, WILL YOU, I
CAN'T SEE TO READ WITHOUT THEM... AND
BRING ME A BLANKET
TOO, I'M CHILLY!

YES, DEAR!

AND SO IT WENT,
MONTH IN AND
MONTH OUT...

HENRY, TAKE THIS BACK
TO THE KITCHEN AND
TELL LOEDEL TO MAKE
IT HOTTER... I CAN'T
BEAR COLD TEA!

HENRY, READ TO
ME! MAYBE IT
WILL HELP ME
FALL ASLEEP!

HURRY BACK, HENRY... I DON'T
WANT TO BE ALONE LONG... AND
DON'T FORGET THAT NEW CROSS-
WORD PUZZLE MAGAZINE I
TOLD YOU TO GET!

HENRY THOUGHT HE WOULD GO CRAZY,
UNTIL, WHILE IN TOWN ON AN ERRAND
FOR ANNE, HE MET KITTY...

HEY, WHY
DON'T YOU
WATCH
WHERE
YOU'RE
GOING?

OH, I'M TERRIBLY SORRY... I WAS
THINKING ABOUT SOMETHING
ELSE... HOW ABOUT GIVING ME
A CHANCE TO SHOW YOU THAT
I'M NOT REALLY SUCH A
BAD GUY? LUNCH, MAYBE?

AND THAT WAS
HOW IT BEGAN...
HENRY MET
KITTY BURNETT
EVERY TIME
HE COULD GET
AWAY FROM
ANNE...

THIS IS THE THIRD
NIGHT THIS WEEK
YOU'VE GONE OUT,
HENRY! I CAN'T
BEAR BEING
ALONE! I
WANT YOU...

DARLING, IT'S FOR YOU I'M
GOING OUT! DR. HOWARD
TOLD ME OF A SPECIALIST
IN JAMESTOWN THAT MIGHT
BE ABLE TO TREAT YOU! I'M
DRIVING OVER THERE TONIGHT...
DON'T WAIT UP, I'LL PROBABLY
BE LATE!

KITTY BURNETT WAS NO "SPECIALIST" BUT SHE KNEW HOW TO TREAT HENRY... HEH, HEH...



I'M MAD ABOUT YOU, KITTY... MAD ABOUT YOU!



YOU DON'T ACT IT... YOU NEVER TAKE ME ANY-PLACE NICE... IT'S LIKE YOU'RE AFRAID TO BE SEEN WITH ME!



D-DON'T BE SILLY, DARLING... IT'S JUST THAT I LIKE TO HAVE YOU ALL TO MYSELF!

NO, HENRY HADN'T TOLD KITTY HE WAS MARRIED... HE WAS AFRAID OF LOSING HER... THAT NIGHT HE TOSSED RESTLESSLY, UNABLE TO SLEEP...

I CAN'T KEEP THIS PRETENSE UP MUCH LONGER... KITTY'S BOUND TO FIND OUT! OH, WHY DIDN'T ANNE DIE IN THAT ACCIDENT? EVERYTHING WOULD HAVE BEEN PERFECT... I'D HAVE THE MONEY AND KITTY!



B-BUT MAYBE ANOTHER "ACCIDENT" COULD BEFALL MY DEAR WIFE... A FATAL ACCIDENT! I'D BE FREE THEN... FREE!



HENRY SPENT THE REMAINDER OF THE NIGHT LAYING HIS PLANS... AND THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

AND THE SPECIALIST SAID HE COULDN'T DO ANYTHING, HENRY?

NO, DARLING, I'M AFRAID NOT!... BUT DON'T LOOK SO SAD... I'VE GOT A SPECIAL TREAT FOR US TODAY!



A TREAT? WHAT IS IT, DEAR?

I THOUGHT YOU'VE BEEN IN DOORS TOO MUCH LATELY... SO I'D THOUGHT WE'D GO INTO THE BAYOU COUNTRY FOR A PICNIC... JUST YOU AND ME!

NO! NO!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN "NO, NO" LOUEL?

BAYOU SWAMP BAD PLACE... LAND OF VOODOO! KEEP AWAY, BAD PLACE!

THAT'S NONSENSE... JUST A SILLY NATIVE SUPERSTITION! PACK US A LUNCH, LOUEL... WE'RE GOING!



HENRY'S PLANS WERE TOO WELL CALCULATED
TO BE UPSET BY THE OLD LADY'S WARNING...
AND SO, TWO HOURS LATER...



AND NOW, MY DEAR,
WE'LL GO FOR A SHORT
RIDE BEFORE LUNCH!
BEAUTIFUL DAY,
ISN'T IT?

YES... BUT THOSE
CLOUDS OVER-
HEAD LOOK LIKE
IT MAY RAIN,
DEAR!

HENRY WAS
SO INTENT
UPON
HIS
PADDLING
AND THE
THOUGHT
OF HIS
WIFE'S
DEATH,
THAT HE
FAILED
TO
NOTICE
THE
QUICKLY
DARKENING
SKY
AND
OMINOUS
THUNDER...

IT'S PERFECT...NO ONE
WILL EVER SUSPECT...
JUST ANOTHER "ACCIDENT"
ONE QUICK BLOW...AND
INTO THE LAKE...
WITH HER...

OH, HENRY, LISTEN...
I-IT'S THUNDERING!
I-I'M JUST TERRI-
FIED OF THUNDER!
A-AND IT'S SO D-DARK...



A MINUTE
LATER, THE
RAINS STARTED,
AND THEY
WERE CAUGHT
IN THE MIDST
OF A BAYOU
STORM! ANNE
WAS PANIC-
STRICKEN...

W-WE'RE GOING
TO BE DROWNED...
DO SOMETHING,
HENRY... DO
SOMETHING!

FOR PETE'S SAKE,
TAKE IT EASY... ARE
YOU TRYING TO OVER-
TURN THE BOAT?

ANNE MAY NOT HAVE BEEN TRYING, BUT A
MOMENT LATER...



HOLD STILL, YOU
FOOL, YOU'RE...

HELP, I...
EEEEKKKK!



POOR ANNE, SHE WAS PARALYZED
AND DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE IN
THE RAGING WATERS... HER
HUSBAND HAS NO HELP TO HER!

IT WASN'T MUCH OF A BATTLE...
ANNE LOST TO THE WATER IN
NO TIME... HENRY SAW HER
HEAD DISAPPEAR JUST AS HE
REACHED SHORE...

HENRY STARTED BACK TOWARD
CIVILIZATION... BUT THE WIND AND
RAIN HADN'T STOPPED AND HE
FOUND IT DIFFICULT TO MAKE HIS WAY...

HENRY, HELP!
I-I'M (GLUB)
D-DROWNING!
HELP! HELP!

I CAN'T REACH
YOU ANNE...

I'LL SAVE MYSELF!
I WANTED HER TO
DIE... NOW SHE
WILL!



WELL, THIS ISN'T THE WAY I
PLANNED IT... BUT IT'S EVEN
BETTER! SO LONG, MY BELOVED
WIFE... I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE
OF YOUR MILLIONS!



I WISH THIS AWFUL RAIN WOULD
STOP... AND IT'S GETTING DARKER
BY THE MINUTE. I CAN HARDLY
SEE WHERE I'M GOING!



THE STORM CONTINUED WITH UNABATED FURY AS THE DARKNESS OF EVENING SETTLED OVER THE BAYOUS...

BUT THREE HOURS LATER...



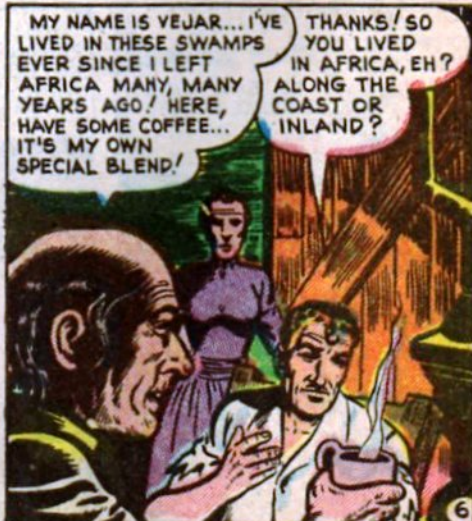
JUST WHEN IT SEEMED THAT HE WOULD FALL FROM EXHAUSTION AND TERROR, HENRY SAW A LIGHT...



OUT OF THE DARKNESS, FROM BEHIND THE LIGHT, LOOMED A TALL GAUNT FIGURE...



HENRY WAS TOO RELIEVED AT BEING FOUND TO THINK IT STRANGE THAT LOEL KNEW AND DIDN'T COMMENT ON ANNE'S DEATH... SHE LED HIM TO A BATTERED CABIN HIDDEN IN THE OVERTGROWTH OF THE SWAMP...





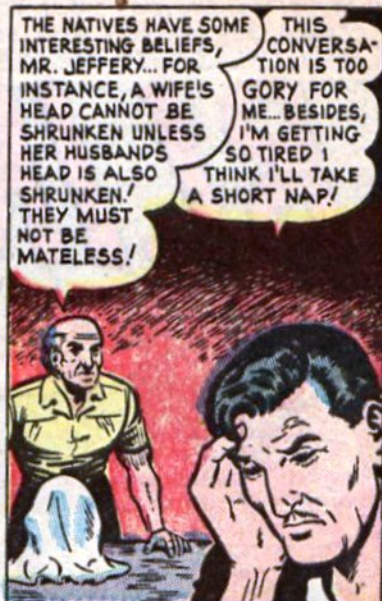
I LIVED INLAND... WITH THE JU-JUBE NATIVES! I WAS THEIR DOCTOR FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS! I TAUGHT THEM ALL I KNEW... AND THEY TAUGHT ME ALL THEY KNEW!

SOUNDS INTERESTING... BUT WHAT COULD THEY TEACH YOU THAT YOU DIDN'T ALREADY KNOW?



OH, I LEARNED MANY THINGS, MR. JEFFERY... SUCH AS HOW TO SHRINK A HUMAN HEAD! THERE ARE TWO THAT I BROUGHT BACK WITH ME!

UGH! SOUNDS HORRIBLE TO ME! THIS IS REALLY STRONG COFFEE, IT'S MAKING ME RATHER SLEEPY!



THE NATIVES HAVE SOME INTERESTING BELIEFS, MR. JEFFERY... FOR INSTANCE, A WIFE'S HEAD CANNOT BE SHRUNKEN UNLESS HER HUSBANDS HEAD IS ALSO SHRUNKEN! THEY MUST NOT BE MATELESS!

THIS CONVERSATION IS TOO GORY FOR ME... BESIDES, I'M GETTING SO TIRED I THINK I'LL TAKE A SHORT NAP!



I DON'T THINK YOU'LL WANT TO SLEEP JUST YET, MR. JEFFERY... I HAVE SOMETHING HERE I THINK YOU'LL WANT TO SEE...

A-ANNE! ANNE'S H-HEAD! W-WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? I'M LEAVING, I... YOU'RE CRAZY!



BUT AS HENRY STRUGGLED IN HIS CHAIR, HE FOUND HE WAS INCAPABLE OF MOVING SO MUCH AS A MUSCLE...

I-I CAN'T MOVE... I... I...

NO, MR. JEFFERY, YOU CAN'T MOVE! THAT COFFEE YOU WERE DRINKING WAS A VERY SPECIAL BRAND... LOEL MADE IT FOR YOU! LOEL ALSO BROUGHT ME THIS VERY BEAUTIFUL HEAD!



AND NOW WE NEED YOUR HEAD, MR. JEFFERY... IT'S AN OLD "NATIVE" CUSTOM!

LOEL! Y-YOU CAN'T! MISS ANNE WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO... YOU CAN'T... NO! NO!

YOU KILL MISS ANNE... I KILL YOU!

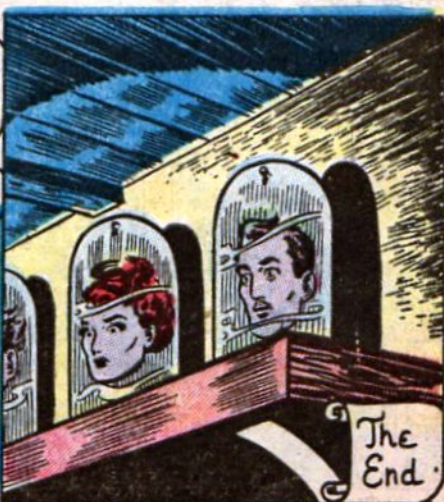


NO, LOEL! NO! PLEASE... PLEASE...

YOU DIE, MR. JEFFERY, DIE! WE MAKE FEAST!



POOR HENRY, OLD LOEL CAUSED HIM A TERRIBLE HEADACHE! WHEN HE LET ANNE DROWN, HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HE WAS HEADED FOR TROUBLE! HEH! HEH! HEH!

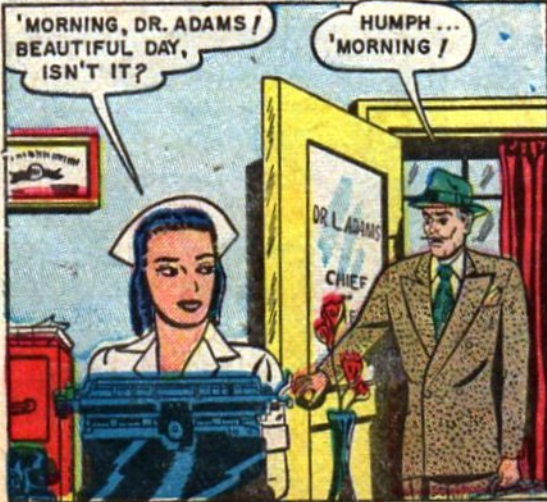


The End.

GREETINGS, GHOULS...YOUR HORRIBLE APPETITES STILL NOT FILLED? YOU'RE GLUTTONS FOR TERROR, EH? HEH, HEH, WELL HERE'S A GOOD ONE FOR YOU...IT'S A GORY LITTLE SAGA... ALL ABOUT LIQUOR, LOVE AND DEATH! I'VE TAGGED IT...



COME WITH ME, DEAR READER, TO FAIRVIEW HOSPITAL, LET US MEET THE EMINENT DR. LUTHER ADAMS...CHIEF OF EYES AND EARS!



I DON'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED, MISS CARTER!

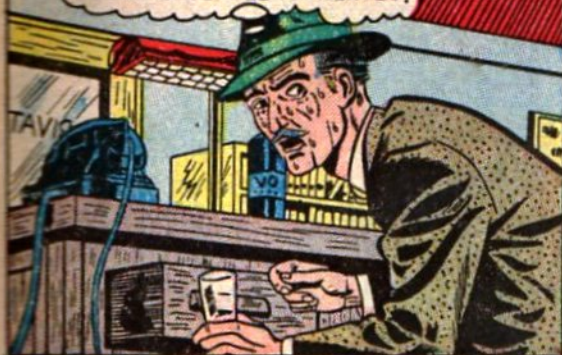
POOR DR. ADAMS...HE LOOKS TIRED...PROBABLY UP HALF THE NIGHT WITH A PATIENT!





YES, TCH, TCH, POOR DR. ADAMS... "UP HALF THE NIGHT WITH A PATIENT"... INSIDE HIS PRIVATE OFFICE, LUTHER STARTS THE DAY OFF WITH THE SAME "PATIENT"...

WHEW! WHAT A NIGHT... I MUST HAVE PASSED OUT IN THE CAR! I NEED A DRINK TO SETTLE MY NERVES!



AS THE FIERY LIQUID PASSED DOWN HIS THROAT, THE WELL KNOWN PHYSICIAN RELAXED... THAT'S RIGHT, LUTHER LOVED HIS LIQUOR!

AH, THAT'S BETTER... NOTHING LIKE A STIFF SHOT TO CLEAR MY HEAD!



AND SO, THE MORNING GOT UNDER WAY... A FEW HOURS LATER...

DR. ADAMS, I KNOW YOU DIDN'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED, BUT DR. CONWAY IS HERE, AND I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO SEE HIM!

ALL RIGHT, MISS CARTER, SEND HIM IN.

I WONDER WHAT THE GREAT SURGEON OF FAIRVIEW HOSPITAL WANTS... THAT PIOUS IDIOT!



LUTHER ADAMS AND VICTOR CONWAY HAD KNOWN ONE ANOTHER FOR YEARS... THEY'D GONE THROUGH MEDICAL SCHOOL TOGETHER... EVEN INTERMED AT THE SAME HOSPITAL... BUT THE NUMBER OF YEARS ONLY INCREASED CONWAY'S SUCCESS AND LUTHER'S DISLIKE AND JEALOUSY OF VICTOR...



GOOD MORNING, VICTOR! HOW ABOUT A PRE-LUNCH DRINK?

NO, THANKS, LUTHER! I'VE GOT AN OPERATION SCHEDULED FOR THIS AFTERNOON... AND LIQUOR AND STEADY HANDS DON'T GO TOGETHER!



SEEING YOU DON'T WANT MY WHISKEY... AND OBVIOUSLY DON'T LIKE TO WATCH ME ENJOYING IT, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, VICTOR?

I CAME TO SEE IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO DRIVE OUT TO THE MEDICAL ARTS BALL WITH LILY AND ME TONIGHT?



AH, YES... LILY, THE BEAUTIFUL LILY! CERTAINLY, VICTOR... I'D BE CHARMED TO SHARE BOTH YOUR CAR AND WIFE WITH YOU, HA HA!

FINE! WE'LL PICK YOU UP ABOUT NINE... AND LUTHER, WHY DON'T YOU LAY OFF THAT STUFF FOR AWHILE? YOU'VE BEEN HITTING THE BOTTLE PRETTY HEAVILY LATELY!



THAT SANCTIMONIOUS OLD WOMAN! I DON'T NEED HIS ADVICE... I CAN HANDLE MY LIQUOR LIKE A REAL MAN!





ALTHOUGH LUTHER'S ATTITUDE TOWARD VICTOR CONWAY WAS ONE OF DISLIKE, HIS THOUGHTS TOWARDS LILY CONWAY WERE FAR FROM UNPLEASANT... THAT NIGHT...

YOU SEEM IN GOOD SPIRITS TONIGHT, LUTHER! SEE IF YOU CAN GET MY HUSBAND A LITTLE PEPPIER!

WHY, IF I HAD SUCH A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN AS MY WIFE, I'D FEEL LIKE A KING!

IT'S MY HEAD... I'VE HAD A SPLITTING HEADACHE ALL DAY!



LATER, AT THE MEDICAL ARTS BALL...

THEY NEVER PUT ENOUGH LIQUOR IN THIS PUNCH! LOOK AT VICTOR... THAT LITTLE NUMBSKULL... HE DOESN'T HAVE THE RIGHT TO HAVE SUCH A WOMAN AS LILY... SHE DESERVES A REAL MAN!



LUTHER, GIVE LILY A WHIRL, WILL YOU? I'M GOING TO SEE IF I CAN GET SOMETHING FOR MY HEAD!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, VICTOR... A REAL PLEASURE!

LUTHER, I WISH YOU'D TAKE A LOOK AT VICTOR TOMORROW AT THE HOSPITAL! I'M WORRIED ABOUT HIM... HE'S BEEN HAVING THESE HEADACHES FOR WEEKS!

I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO LILY, BUT VICTOR'S A BAD DOCTOR WHEN IT COMES TO HIMSELF!



LUTHER HAD NO INTENTION OF EXAMINING VICTOR... BUT THE NEXT DAY HE FOUND HE COULD NOT AVOID IT...

LUTHER, I'VE BEEN WANTING TO TALK TO YOU... ORDINARILY I DON'T WORRY ABOUT MY HEALTH... BUT I'M AFRAID THESE HEADACHES MAY BE CAUSED BY MY EYES... AND TO A SURGEON, HIS EYES ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF HIS BODY! HOW ABOUT TAKING A LOOK AT THEM FOR ME?

SURE, VICTOR!



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

WHAT'D YOU THINK, LUTHER?

LOOKS LIKE THE BEGINNINGS OF A CATARACT, VICTOR! IT'S STILL QUITE SMALL, BUT I SUGGEST YOU HAVE SURGERY BEFORE IT GETS ANY LARGER AND BEGINS TO AFFECT YOUR SIGHT!



WHEW, THAT'S A RELIEF! I WAS AFRAID IT MIGHT BE SOMETHING SERIOUS... I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO IF I LOST MY SIGHT, LUTHER! I'D FEEL UTTERLY USELESS... HELPLESS!

NOTHING LIKE THAT WOULD EVER HAPPEN TO YOU, VICTOR... YOU'RE TOO LUCKY! C'MON, HAVE A DRINK!



VICTOR WAS HOSPITALIZED, AND DR. HARRY WEDGMAN WAS SUMMONED FROM BALTIMORE TO REMOVE THE CATARACT FROM VICTOR'S EYES!

IT SEEMS SILLY TO GET WEDGMAN ALL THE WAY DOWN FROM BALTIMORE! IT'S SUCH A SIMPLE OPERATION!

DARLING, YOU'RE FAR TOO IMPORTANT A SURGEON TO TAKE ANY CHANCES / YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE THE BEST SURGEON WE CAN GET!



BUT THE NEXT MORNING...

YOU MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK TO SLEEP, VICTOR! WEDGMAN JUST PHONED ... HIS FLIGHT WAS CANCELLED, BAD WEATHER IN BALTIMORE! HE'LL TRY TO MAKE IT TOMORROW!

I CAN'T STAND BEING COOPED UP HERE ANOTHER DAY, LUTHER! LOOK, WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS FOR YEARS... DO ME A FAVOR... YOU PERFORM THE OPERATION!



FOR A MOMENT LUTHER WAS STUNNED...

WELL... ER... I DON'T KNOW, VICTOR! I-IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE DONE ANY SURGERY! I...

DO NOT BE SILLY, LUTHER! YOU WEREN'T MADE CHIEF OF STAFF FOR NOTHING... YOU USED TO BE A TERRIFIC SURGEON... YOU'LL BE DOING ME A FAVOR!



AND SO, LUTHER ACCEPTED! THE OPERATION WAS SCHEDULED FOR AN HOUR LATER... AND AS VICTOR WAS PREPARED FOR SURGERY, SO WAS LUTHER, HEH / HEH!

JUST A COUPLA DRINKS TO SETTLE MY NERVES. I HAVEN'T DONE ANY SURGERY IN FIVE YEARS... BUT I'M STILL AS GOOD AS ANY OF THEM! JUST A COUPLA DRINKS...



A VOICE -- HIS OWN MAYBE, WHISPERED DON'T DO IT, DOCTOR... BUT THE DOCTOR DIDN'T LISTEN...

THEY'RE WAITING! I'M COMING, I'M COMING! FOR YOU IN SURGERY, DOCTOR!

GOT TO GET A HOLD OF MYSELF... GOT TO!



VICTOR'S JUST TOLD ME ABOUT WEDGMAN, LUTHER! I'M GLAD YOU'RE THE MAN TAKING HIS PLACE! I WOULDN'T TRUST ANYONE ELSE!

NOR WOULD I, LUTHER!

WHY DOES HE LOOK AT ME THAT WAY... D-DOES HE SMELL THE LIQUOR ON MY BREATH?



BUT THERE WAS NO TIME LEFT FOR QUESTIONS... TIME WAS ALLREADY RUNNING OUT, AS LUTHER TOOK HIS PLACE IN THE OPERATING ROOM...

EVERYTHING'S ALL READY, DR. ADAMS! THE PATIENT'S UNDER ANESTHETIC NOW!

ALL RIGHT...

H-HANDS ARE S-SHAKING... MAYBE I SHOULD NOT HAVE HAD THAT LAST DRINK!



AND SO THE OPERATION BEGAN... LUTHER'S NERVES WERE TORN BY CONFLICTING EMOTIONS... HIS JEALOUSY OF VICTOR, HIS PRIDE AS A SURGEON... AND HIS INTEREST IN LILY! BEHIND HIS RAW NERVES, THE ALCOHOL WAS TAKING ITS TOLL IN SLOW REACTIONS, UNSTEADY HANDS AND FEAR...



CLAMPS, DOCTOR!

THE OPERATION PROCEEDED AT A SNAIL'S PACE, BUT EVEN SO, ALL WENT WELL UNTIL...



OH, NO! NO! I - I SLIPPED!

SOMEHOW HE MANAGED TO FINISH... BUT AS HE SAT IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE LATER, LUTHER KNEW WHAT THE RESULTS OF THE OPERATION WOULD BE...



WHEN THE FEAR OF DISGRACE AND PERSONAL RUIN WAS REMOVED, LUTHER FELT MUCH BETTER... WHEN HE WENT TO SEE VICTOR...



TRY TO BUCK UP, OLD MAN! EVERYTHING WILL WORK OUT ALL RIGHT... THERE'LL BE LOTS OF OTHER THINGS YOU CAN DO! BEING A SURGEON ISN'T THE ONLY PROFESSION IN THE WORLD!



LUTHER PAID SCANT ATTENTION TO VICTOR'S WORDS AS HE LEFT THE HOSPITAL... BUT THAT NIGHT, DR. VICTOR CONWAY LEAPED FROM HIS HOSPITAL WINDOW! DEPRESSION OVER THE LOSS OF HIS SIGHT WAS BLAMED FOR HIS DEATH!



SUICIDE! V-VICTOR COMMITTED
SUICIDE / I - IT'S ALL MY FAULT...
I BUTCHERED THAT OPERATION...
I... GOTTA HAVE A DRINK!



WHATEVER QUALMS OF
GUILT LUTHER FELT, THEY
QUICKLY DISAPPEARED AS
HE REALIZED THAT WITH
VICTOR GONE, LILY WAS ALONE.

ASHES TO YOU'VE GOT GOOD
ASHES... TO BE BY,
BRAVE, VICTOR!
LILY / I'LL TAKE
CARE OF YOU!



I'M (SOB) DOING MY SURGICAL GOWN
AND INSTRUMENTS BURIED WITH HIM ...
HE'D HAVE WANTED IT THAT WAY! THEY
WERE HIS SPECIAL (SOB) PRIDE... HE
ALWAYS USED THEM TO
OPERATE!



LUTHER TOOK LILY HOME AFTER THE FUNERAL ...
AND AS HE DROVE AWAY FROM THE CONWAY HOME, HE
WAS IN HIGH SPIRITS... AGAIN!

THIS CALLS FOR A DRINK TO CELEBRATE! THAT
SLIP OF THE KNIFE WAS TOO BAD FOR VICTOR -- BUT
IT BROUGHT ME LILY! LILY AND LUTHER -- OUR
NAMES GO WELL TOGETHER! HAHA!



LUTHER HAD A FEW MORE DROPS TO CELE-
BRATE... SO MANY MORE, IN FACT, THAT HE
FAILED TO SEE THE HEAVY TRUCK AS HE ROUNDED
THE CURVE...



AN AMBULANCE SCREAMED ITS
WAY TO FAIRVIEW HOSPITAL
SHORTLY AFTER, CARRYING
LUTHER'S MANGLED BODY...

IT'S DR. ADAMS,
ALL RIGHT! HE'S
IN BAD SHAPE!



AND IN THE EMERGENCY
WARD MINUTES LATER...

CONCUSSION, ALL RIGHT!
IF WE DON'T GET THAT
PRESSURE AWAY FROM HIS
BRAIN, HE'LL DIE! BUT WHO
WILL OPERATE?

WE'LL
CALL ANY SUR-
GEON! NURSE PRE-
PARE DR. ADAMS
FOR SURGERY!



BACK IN THE CEMETERY DR. CONWAY
SEEMED TO KNOW A SURGEON WAS
NEEDED, AND IN HIS GRAVE HE
STIRRED, ROSE, AND WALKED TOWARD
THE HOSPITAL...



LUTHER CAME OUT OF HIS UNCONSCIOUSNESS AS THEY WHEELED HIM INTO THE OPERATING ROOM... THE SAME ROOM WHERE HE HAD OPERATED ON VICTOR! BUT LUTHER COULDN'T MOVE OR TALK...



OH/OH!
(MOAN)

TAKE IT EASY, DR. ADAMS... EVERYTHING'LL BE OKAY/ DR. WATTS IS GOING TO DO THE SURGERY/ HE'S A VISITING SURGEON -- LUCKY HE'S IN TOWN/

THE EFFECTS OF THE ACCIDENT, COUPLED WITH THE LIQUOR STILL IN HIS BODY, SENT LUTHER BRAIN REELING... ONLY ONE WORD SEEMED TO PENETRATE, "SURGERY," "SURGERY"...



HERE COMES DR. WATTS NOW!

SURGERY... VICTOR... I NEED A DRINK... OPERATE

AND THEN THE SURGEON TOOK HIS PLACE... AS LUTHER LOOKED UP HE SAW...



VICTOR! Y-YOU! IT CAN'T BE... YOU'RE DEAD/ NO/ YOU'RE DEAD... DEAD...



SCALPEL, NO/DON'T COME NEAR ME... YOU'RE BLIND/YOU CAN'T SEE... YOU'LL BUTCHER ME... NO VICTOR, NO!

POOR DR. ADAMS, THE ACCIDENT MUST HAVE AFFECTED HIS BRAIN!

POOR LUTHER... HE SCREAMED BUT NO ONE LISTENED... AND AS THE MASK OF ETHER SETTLED ON HIS FACE, LUTHER KNEW HE WOULD NEVER AWAKEN AGAIN...



STOP HIM... IT'S VICTOR... HE'S GOING TO KILL... ME... I

LUTHER WAS RIGHT... FOR MINUTES LATER, ANOTHER "ACCIDENT" OCCURRED IN THE OPERATING ROOM OF FAIRVIEW HOSPITAL...



H-HE'S SLIPPED! OH, I-IT'S HORRIBLE!

H-HIS BRAIN HAS BEEN SEVERED... HE'S DEAD...

IN THE CONFUSION WHICH FOLLOWED, NO ONE NOTICED THE "SURGEON" SLIP QUIETLY AWAY UNTIL...



SORRY TO HAVE BEEN DELAYED, BUT I'M READY TO START NOW/ IS DR. ADAMS UNDER ANESTHETIC? I...

DR. WATTS /B- BUT YOU WERE HERE... YOU... THEN WHO PERFORMED THE OPERATION?

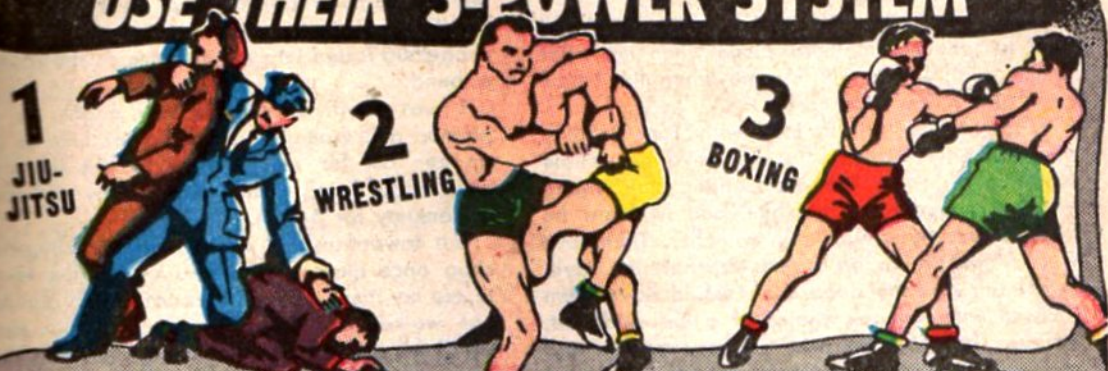


I-I... THIS WAS THE SCALPEL HE OPERATED WITH...

LOOK... THE INITIALS, "V.C."! BUT IT CAN'T BE! THIS SCALPEL WAS BURIED WITH DR. CONWAY!

POOR DR. WATTS... HE WAS IN A BLIND FOG... AND LUTHER? HE WAS IN AN AWFULLY MESSY CONDITION! NO ONE EVER KNEW WHO PERFORMED THE OPERATION! THEY ONLY WONDERED. BUT YOU KNOW, DON'T YOU? THE END

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HORROR OF THE DROWNED

By ELLEN LYNN

THE news of Tom's death came to Arlene as a terrible shock.

I loved my niece Arlene as a daughter and tried to take her mother's place when my sister Grace died; I was with Arlene when the tragic news about Tom reached her.

When Arlene fell in love with Tom Bradley she was only sixteen, but she gave her whole romantic heart to the quiet, handsome young man the moment she met him—and he knew he had become equally smitten with her. Their love was a beautiful thing to see—a charming idyll. And I felt sure my dead sister would have been pleased with Arlene's choice of a husband. But, perhaps because she was so very young and romantic, Arlene's love was so intense it worried me. She seemed only to live for the moment when she could be with Tom, and everything else became subordinate to their meetings. Just because she sensed my worry, she grew pale and thin, and I was deciding in my own mind that an early marriage might restore the normal balance of her life. Then Tom came with the news that he was to leave almost at once for—KOREA—with his regiment.

For Tom's sake Arlene knew she had to take this blow calmly; she did not even suggest that they be married before Tom left for Korea. When they said goodbye she was pale and her eyes were red-rimmed, but no tears were shed. Only a soft promise from Tom that he would come back soon and claim his bride.

She waited for Tom's letters as she had previously waited for him. She retreated into herself living only for Tom's return and finally I took her away to my little place in the country where I thought she might better adjust herself to Tom's absence. The long quiet lake on which my house was situated proved a strong attraction for her and every possible day she was out in her canoe or small outboard motorboat, mostly thinking of Tom.

Then the day arrived when the fatal telegram about Tom reached her. His boat had been hit and he had been drowned while they were trying to make a landing near Seoul. I'll never forget how Arlene looked reading that wire. She was very still—then she looked up at me, wild-eyed, frightened, the sheet fluttering from her fingers. A piercing, shrill scream came from her lips, and she rushed from the house. I started after her but could not catch up with that fleet-footed creature

as she sped down to the lake front and got into the small motorboat floating at the little pier. Quickly she got the motor started and the chug-chug-chug faded into the distance as she rounded a bend.

I was terrified of what she might do and phoned a few neighbors around the lake to keep an eye out for Arlene. I told them the tragic news about Tom's drowning and they understood my anxiety for Arlene.

But toward dusk I could hear the chug-chug-chug once more and rushed out to the terrace to see my niece pulling the boat beside our dock. She walked up to the house slowly but soon I could see she had quieted down. I took her in my arms and kissed her with relief.

The next few days Arlene behaved very well. In fact after her daily boat ride she'd return in rather cheerful spirits—for her. I knew that somehow she felt closer to Tom, alone on that silent lake.

Then one day she came running up from the lake, breathless, eyes shining. "Oh, Aunt Betty—Aunt Betty! I've seen him! I've seen Tom!"

My heart stopped beating. Had her mind snapped? My poor, poor, little girl! "But, darling," I soothed, "how could you? Poor Tom's body is still in Korea . . ."

"No—no! He's on the bottom of the lake—over in the cove. I saw him, I saw him. He was smiling at me with that crooked little smile I love so much . . ."

I was heavy-hearted but I tried to divert Arlene as well as I could and one day I suggested we drive over to the state's fine, if small, art gallery where a loan collection was being shown, donated by local townfolk. Arlene agreed and I was delighted that she would be willing to do anything that would take her "out of herself."

At the gallery I found the borrowed collection fascinating but Arlene wandered about by herself. Finally, just as I wished, I found her staring intently at the oil which I had donated to the exhibit. The artist, Sloan Farraday, was not first rate—but in this particular work he had risen to unsuspected heights of talent and it had actually won the coveted Beardsley Award. The subject was somewhat poetic and nebulous—an exquisite girl with alabaster face and enormous black eyes, flowing black hair, was floating gracefully in the arms of a creature half-man, half sea nymph; he seemed to be drawing her down,

down through the jade green waters. Both of them wore ambiguous smiles of great tenderness. There was a disturbing, haunting quality in the picture which had brought Farraday unexpected acclaim.

"Aunt—Aunt Betty. Tell me about this painting, please," Arlene asked, not taking her eyes away from it.

Then suddenly it dawned on me that Arlene may have heard some time the story of the picture and was transferring it to her own experience. Perhaps if I told her the legend behind it she'd realize what a fantasy she was building up in her mind, about Tom.

"Had you never heard the story of your great-great Aunt Annalee?" I asked her. "The artist of this picture, Sloan Farraday, had been in love with her and after her tragedy, he was inspired to paint this picture."

"I don't remember," Arlene answered, her eyes still glued to the canvas. "Tell me about it, Aunt Betty!" And this time her words were almost a command. A feeling of helplessness came over me and I proceeded to tell her the story.

"When our ancestor, Annalee, was a young girl she was betrothed to Sloan Farraday. Our house was the very house in which she lived and he lived with his family a short distance away. He had always been in love with her but she kept putting off a date of marriage. One day she came crying to her mother—that she would never marry Sloan, that she loved another man. She looked dreamily into her mother's eyes saying, 'Mother, you'll think me mad—but there's a beautiful man—at the bottom—of our lake. He's the most handsome creature I've ever seen and I love him with all my heart. He speaks to me and I know he loves me, too.' Her mother did indeed think her mad and tried to keep her protected from the world, hoping no one would find out. But some of the villagers in town had found out about Annalee's visions at the bottom of the lake. A strange fever spread in the community. People began to accuse Annalee of being a witch. A number of sudden tragedies, inexplicable, hit hard in the Maine village. With no previous illness, a baby suddenly screamed in the night and the next morning died. Cows and sheep were barren—without apparent cause! Fires started up out of nowhere. The superstitious townsfolk became panicky and looked for a scapegoat on which to pin all these terrible incidents. It was the age of witches. Rumor having gotten around about Annalee and her man at the bottom of the lake, the cry of Witch! Witch! began to be heard. Annalee's poor mother trembled for the safety of her daughter and one day a furious crowd, enflamed by a new onset of tragic occurrences,

came to this house and tore Annalee from her mother's arms. They tried her. She protested her own innocence, the poor girl begged them to go see for themselves that the man she loved who was at the bottom of the lake, but paying no attention to the ravings of a sick girl they tied her to a stake in the village and threw faggots around the base. Matches were struck and a crackling fire started to roar upward when suddenly a silence fell on the angry crowd and Annalee's lips parted in a joyful smile. A handsome young man, his green silk clothes dripping water, came through as the people, horrified, stepped aside. He loosened the cords binding Annalee, put out the fire with the constantly streaming water and carried the lovely, smiling girl away. Some who had followed them said he walked straight into the lake with Annalee in his arms—until they both disappeared under the water.

"So, dear Arlene," I ended the tale, "that's the fairy-tale legend of our ancestor, which they say, inspired her lovesick sweetheart, Sloan Farraday, to paint this charming poem in oils."

Arlene had listened to the whole story intently. Obviously just as I intended, she was thinking about the strange similarity between her vision—seeing Tom at the bottom of the lake—and that of our ancestor Annalee. I was sure that her mother, or someone, had told her the same legend, perhaps in her childhood, and by some quirk of the mind she imagined seeing Tom in the same way. I had hoped the story would cure her. I found it difficult to tear her away from her preoccupation with the picture. Something else must be done, I decided. We'll go back to the city and see if a psychiatrist can unravel the strange knots in my niece's mind. When I told her we were leaving, I saw her tremble violently.

When the packing was finished I looked about for Arlene, ready to start back to the city. My hand leaped to my mouth in an impulse of fear as I saw her in her hat and coat running wildly down to the boat, saying, "I am coming, Tom." I let out a scream, calling her to come back—but she got in the boat. Just as it was rounding the bend, I saw—I saw—my niece stand up—wave back at me and jump. Her body was not recovered.

The next morning, grieving and wretched, I walked down to the dock to gaze into the watery grave Arlene had chosen when I saw something, bright-colored, drifting in toward me. It was a scarf. Fascinated, I picked up a long twig and pulled it in. I gasped when I recognized the scarf. It was the one Arlene had given Tom before he sailed for Korea!

THE END

BECAUSE ON THE BATTLEFIELD DEATH IS EVERYWHERE. TALES OF HEROISM---LEGENDS OF BIZARRE ACCIDENTS, INCREDIBLE INCIDENTS--ARE ITS NATURAL OUTGROWTH. HERE'S ONE UNBELIEVABLE INCIDENT--AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR THAT HAS BEEN TOLD AND RETOLD IN MANY A FOX-HOLE AND SLIT-TRENCH IN KOREA AND IS STRANGE AS ANY THAT HAS COME OUT OF THAT STRICKEN LAND! READ ON---

THE GUN THAT FOUGHT BACK



IN KOREA THE SARGE WAS TELLING A STORY.
"YEP--THAT WAS ONE WEIRD, HORRIBLE NIGHT!
I'LL NEVER FORGET IT. BUT--THAT'S ENOUGH
GAB FOR NOW---"



"SO I TOLD THOSE TRAINEES THE MYSTERIOUS STORY OF THE GUN THAT FOUGHT BACK."

IT ALL STARTED ON THE THIRD DAY OF THE CHUNG WUN PUSH! WE WERE MOVING UP TO THE 38TH PARALLEL--



"THE FIRST THING I NOTICED WAS HIS CARE OF HIS GUN--"

B.A.R. BOY EH?

YEAH--YOU KEEP YOUR RIFLE; I'LL TAKE A MACHINE GUN ANY OL' TIME--



LISTEN! UP THERE! I CAN HEAR GUNS--

SURE, SURE, WHY NOT? THIS IS A WAR, ISN'T IT?



"IT WAS THAT DAY I FIRST MET FRED OAKES--NICE KID--A REPLACEMENT--"

HEY, SARGE, THIS "K" COMPANY?

IF IT ISN'T, I'M AWOL. PULL UP A PIECE OF MUD AND SIT DOWN--



YES SIRE-- RUTH HERE IS THE PERFECT WEAPON!

RUTH!

YIPES! LISTEN TO THE CHARACTER!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH NAMING MY GUN? GOTTA CALL IT SOMETHING. BESIDES--WE SORTA GOT AN UNDERSTANDING--

UH-OH--A CRACK-POT! BETTER KEEP MY EYE ON THE KID--

LET'S GO!

UP AND AT 'EM! ON YOUR FEET--



"WEARY MILE AFTER WEARY MILE WE MARCHED--EVER CLOSER TO THE FRONT AND THE EVER GROPING ARMS OF DEATH! SUDDENLY----"



SCREEEEEEEE



"THEN, AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD STARTED, IT WAS ALL OVER---"



OH!! OH!!

CORPSMAN! CORPSMAN! STRETCHER--

NOW WHERE THE DEVIL'S THAT NEW MAN? FRED-- HEY FRED!



SARGE!
HERE I AM. ALL O.K.



NOW WHATCHA GOING TO DO WITH A GUY LIKE THAT? THINKS MORE OF HIS GUN AND KEEPING IT CLEAN THAN HE DOES OF HIS OWN SKIN--



"MUDDY, COLD, TIRED, FOOT-SORE, WE PUSHED ON NORTHWARD. NIGHT FELL--"

HEY, SARGE! WE GOING TO WALK ALL NIGHT?

ALL NIGHT--ALL DAY TOMORROW-- IF WE HAVE TO! WE'RE NEEDED AT CHUNG WUN-- NEEDED NOW--



"SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT---"

ALL RIGHT, MEN. TAKE TEN--

WE'RE ALMOST THERE, AREN'T WE SARGE? THEN-- I'LL SEE MY FIRST COMBAT!

TAKE IT EASY-- YOU'LL SEE YOUR SHARE SOON ENOUGH--

"HOW RIGHT I WAS, AT THAT VERY INSTANT A GOOK PATROL LAUNCHED A SURPRISE ATTACK--"



COVER UP!
BLAST THE
YELLOW
DOGS--

"AND THEN--I SAW FRED AND RUTH, HIS GUN IN ACTION FOR THE FIRST TIME--HE HANDLED THAT GUN LIKE IT WAS PART OF HIM--LIKE A SWEETHEART--"



EEEEYOW!
--COME AND GET IT
YOU RED-BELLIED DOGS!
LITTLE RUTH AND I
LOVE COMPANY!



LET'S GO! IF
THEY WON'T
COME TO US,
LET'S GO
TO THEM!
EEEEYOW!

"SUDDENLY THE NIGHT WAS STILL. THE REMAINING RED GOOKS DIDN'T KNOW QUITE WHAT TO MAKE OF THIS MAD MAN AND HIS FLAMING WEAPON! BUT--THEY QUICKLY MADE UP THEIR MINDS--THEY--"



HOW 'BOUT THIS? THESE
YELLOW DEVILS WANT NO
PART OF RUTH--

"AND THEN WE PUSHED ON TO CHUNG WUN--"



SUN
COMING
UP--
MORNING
SOON--

COME ON--DON'T
CHANGE THE
SUBJECT. WHAT'S
WITH YOU AND
THIS GUN
OF YOURS!



NOTHING--AND EVERY-
THING. FROM THE MINUTE
I WAS ISSUED THIS
GUN AT REPPLE DEPPEL,
I'VE LOVED IT. I FELT
IT WAS MINE--
THAT SOMEHOW, IN
SOME WAY, THERE IS
A BOND BETWEEN
US--NOT JUST AN
ORDINARY ENTRY
ON AN
EQUIPMENT
RECORD--



YEAH--I SORTA
GET WHAT
YOU MEAN--

WE'RE A TEAM, RUTH
AND I--THIS GUN
NEEDS ME JUST LIKE
I NEED IT--

"WE WALKED ON IN SILENCE THEN. FRED WAS A STRANGE MAN--BUT, REMEMBER I'D SEEN HIM IN ACTION WITH THAT PRECIOUS GUN OF HIS--THEN--"

"LATE THAT AFTERNOON WE MOVED INTO CHUNG WUN--"



HERE ARE THE REPLACEMENTS, SIR--

GLAD TO HAVE YOU WITH US. WE EXPECT A FULL SCALE, ALL OUT RED ATTACK SOME TIME TONIGHT--

"SO NOW WE KNEW AN ALL OUT ATTACK. OH WELL, THAT'S CERTAINLY THE QUICK WAY TO SORT THE MEN FROM THE BOYS--"



DIG IN LADS! YOU'RE GOING TO NEED EVERY INCH--

"SO STARTED THE NIGHT THAT I'LL NEVER FORGET--"



HOW YOU DOING, KID?

O.K. BUT RUTH AND I SURE WISH THEY'D GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD. WE'RE GETTING IMPATIENT--

"AN HOUR PASSED, ANOTHER. ALL WAS QUIET, BUT STILL, THERE WAS AN ELECTRIC TENSION ALL ABOUT US-- ATTACK COMING-- GOOKS COMING--"



ALMOST MIDNIGHT--

AW-- I'LL BET THERE'S NO ATTACK TONIGHT--

YEAH-- LET'S GET SOME SHUT-EYE--

I FEEL O.K. TIRED, BUT TOO EXCITED TO BE SLEEPY--

GOOD BOY-- EVERYONE'S DROPPING OFF TO SLEEP. WE GOTTA CRAWL DOWN TO THAT LEDGE BELOW AND SET UP AN ADVANCE POINT-- LET'S DO IT WHILE IT'S DARK.



--DON'T THINK OUR LITTLE COMMUNIST FRIENDS WILL BE EXPECTING US--

I SURE DO THANK YOU FOR GIVING RUTH AND ME THIS CHANCE--

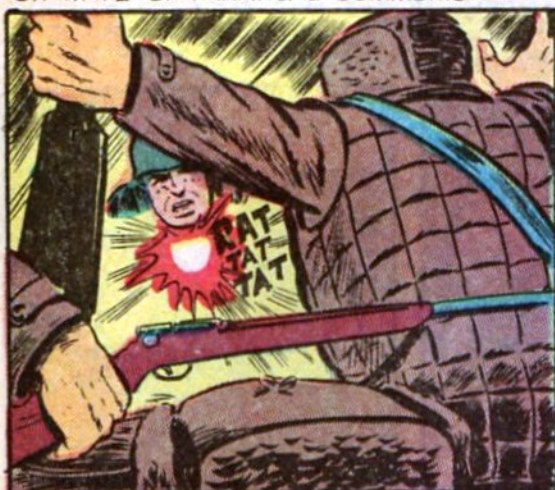


"WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A GUY LIKE THAT? CRAZY, BUT CRAZY IN A WAY A LOTTA GUYS WOULD BE PROUD TO BE CRAZY--"



SHHH! LISTEN! I HEARD SOMETHING--

"SUDDENLY--- SCREAMING LIKE WOUNDED BANSHEES, THE REDS ATTACKED! WAVE ON WAVE OF FANATICAL COMMUNISTS--"



"THAT GUN OF FRED'S SPIT FIRE! THOSE REDS WENT HURLING BACK-- AND THEN IT HAPPENED--- RIGHT NEAR "RUTH!"



"WHEN, HOW, I'LL NEVER KNOW, BUT SOMEHOW I MANAGED TO STAGGER BACK TO THE SAFETY OF OUR LINES, CARRYING THE LIMP, BLOODY FIGURE OF FRED--- BUT WITHOUT HIS GUN---



HELP--GIVE A HAND HERE! AND GET READY--THE GOOKS ARE COMING--

OH-- MY GUN-- WHERE'S MY GUN? OH--

"A COUPLE OF MEN BROUGHT BACK THE GUN. THEY WORKED FEVERISHLY-- BUT NO USE-- THAT GUN WOULDN'T BARK."



THAT GUN WILL ONLY SHOOT FOR FRED. NO USE TRYING TO FIX IT--

IT'S GOTTA WORK!

"THEN THE MEDIC SAID--



"AND THEN CAME THE RED ONSLAUGHT---"



THE G.I.S KNEW THAT WITHOUT A MACHINE GUN THEY WOULD BE SLAUGHTERED.

"SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE DARKNESS-- THAT DEAD GUY FRED AROSE AND SLOWLY HE WALKED FIFTY FEET TO THAT DISABLED GUN. HE DIDN'T SEEM TO TOUCH IT-- JUST LOOKED AT IT AND TALKED TO IT--





"NO ONE TOUCHED IT, BUT THAT GUN OF FRED'S SPAT POISON."



CHARGE! FOR OUR GLORIOUS LEADER--

NO! LOOK-- NO ONE FIRES THE DEVIL GUN! IT SHOOT'S ITSELF!

IIIEEE

"THAT RED-WAVE RAN! YEP! THE CHARGE WAS BROKEN. BY THE TIME THEY COULD REFORM FOR ANOTHER WE HAD RE-INFORCEMENTS--AND MORE MACHINE GUNS--"



HE--HE'S DEAD ALRIGHT.



YET WE SAW IT-- HE SAVED US. HE AND HIS GUN--

UNBELIEVABLE-- BUT--IT HAPPENED. NO HUMAN BEING COULD HAVE FIRED THAT BAR--

"THAT GUN WOULDN'T FIRE AGAIN. THEY TRIED TO FIX IT, BUT IN THE END THEY JUST BURIED IT WITH FRED."



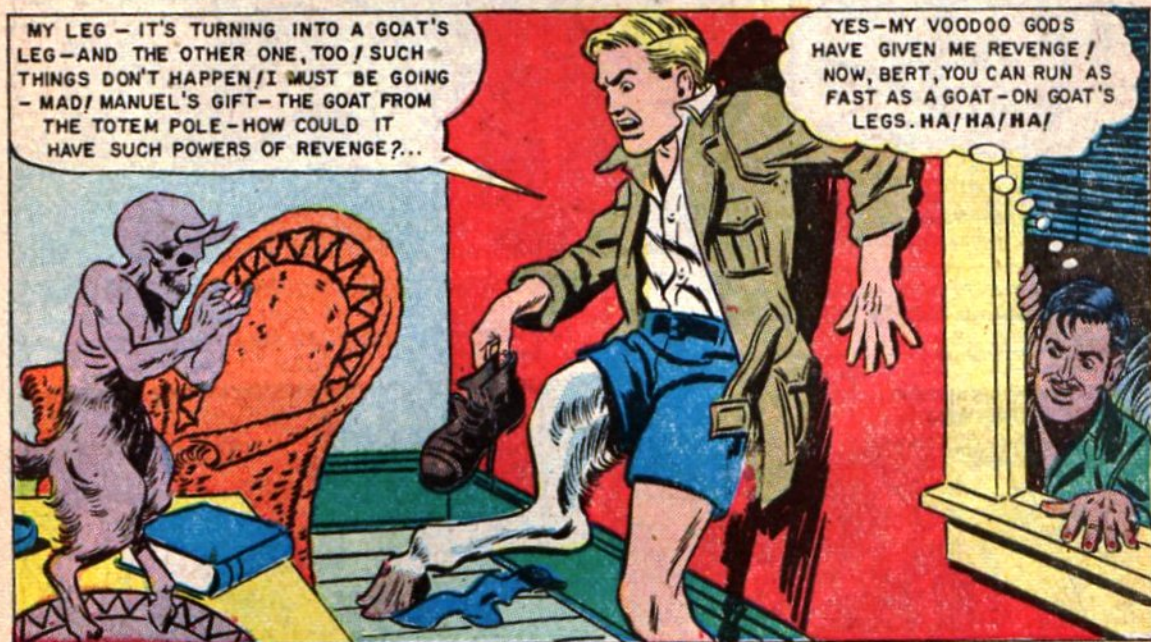
THAT'S ALL, FELLAS. YOU CAN BELIEVE IT OR NOT--- BELIEVE THAT A DEAD MAN'S GUN FOUGHT ON. PERSONALLY--I DO. I WAS THERE--



WELL?

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

TERROR OF THE SPEEDY GOAT!



BERT ANDREWS, FAMOUS LEADER OF SAFARIS, COULD SCALE THE TREACHEROUS MOUNTAINS OF KALAN, BUT ONLY THE GOATS COULD SCALE THE CRAGS OF MT. TECHETAN. A GOAT'S LEGS, WIRY, MUSCULAR, CAN CLING TO A NARROW, ROCKY LEDGE, LEAP SWIFTLY FROM PERCH TO PRECARIOUS PERCH. AND NOW, HIS OWN LEGS, WERE TURNING INTO GOAT'S LEGS! NOW, HE, TOO, COULD SCALE MT. TECHETAN! THE GOAT GOD OF THE PALAU TRIBE HAD A STRANGE, WEIRD POWER. AND HE HAD THOUGHT IT A MERE SOUVENIR - A STUFFED REPLICA...YOU SEE, BERT DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS A VOO-DOO GOD!

NEVER BEFORE HAD A SAFARI LED BY THE SPEEDY MANUEL TORRES BEEN SO LATE IN RETURNING. AFTER DAYS OF IMPATIENT ANXIETY, MR. SPENCE, IN CHARGE OF THE MEXICAN OFFICE OF THE BEGGS DRUG ENTERPRISES, RECEIVED A TELEPHONE CALL FROM A DISTANT HOSPITAL...

MR. SPENCE, I HAD A BAD FALL!

...YOU SHOULD'VE CALLED SOONER, MANUEL. I'LL SEND FOR THE HERBS AT ONCE -- AND WE'LL MAKE BERT ANDREWS THE NEW CHIEF GUIDE!



B- BUT, MR. SPENCE, MY JOB! COULDN'T YOU WAIT FOR ME...

YOU KNOW CALA HERBS CAN'T WAIT!



MANUEL WAS PROUD OF HIS SUCCESS--PROUD OF HIS JOB--AND NOW THAT HE WAS INJURED, HE HAD BE FIRED!

MANUEL WAS SHOCKED TO LEARN THAT HE WAS BEING REPLACED . AND AFTER ALL HE HAD DONE FOR THE COMPANY/ RISKED HIS LIFE, BROUGHT BACK RARE HERBS FROM IMPOSSIBLE PEAKS!

THE GRATITUDE OF THE AMERICANOS--BAH! A HUMAN BEING MEANS NOTHING / ONLY THOSE HERBS... TO GROW RICH!



BITTERLY, MANUEL'S THOUGHTS WENT BACK TO TWO WEEKS AGO HOW THEY PRAISED HIM, FAWNED OVER HIM THEN!

GOOD WORK, MANUEL! THAT WAS QUITE A HAUL OF HERBS-- AND YOU BEAT YOUR OWN TIME RECORD!

THANKS, MR. SPENCE!



AS LONG AS THEY NEEDED HIM, THOUGHT MANUEL, THEY'D EVEN DRINK WITH HIM!

... HOW SOON CAN YOU GO OUT AGAIN, MANUEL? WE NEED MORE OF THAT HERB URGENTLY!

A BATH... A NIGHT'S SLEEP ARE ALL I NEED, MR. SPENCE! I CAN LEAVE TOMORROW!



THE NEXT DAY HOW THEY ADMIRERD HIS STRONG, STRAIGHT LEGS... EVEN THE PRETTY LITA WANTED HIM!

THE LITTLE TOWN WORSHIPPED SPEED. BECAUSE THE FRAGILE CALA HERB CAME FROM STEEP UN-TRACKED CRAGS AND WHEN FOUND WOULD NOT LAST LONG. IT BROUGHT WEALTH TO THE TOWN. . .

WHAT MARVELOUS LEGS! NO ONE COULD BEAT HIS TIME!

COME BACK TO ME SOON!



BE FAST, MY DARLING!



WHAT A FOOL I WAS ON MY LAST TRIP, THOUGHT MANUEL, THINKING OF MR. SPENCE... RISKING MY LIFE...

AND THEN--SOFT ROCK CRUMBLERD UNDER HIS FEET-- AND MANUEL CAME TUMBLING DOWN!

BOSS! MANUEL! ENOUGH HERBS! TOO DANGEROUS THERE!

WAIT THERE! I'LL BE DOWN SOON!

CAN'T LET DOWN MR. SPENCE!



H--E-L-P... OOOOH, MY LEG...!



MANUEL RESOLVED TO MAKE THE BEST OF THE SITUATION. HE'D PROVE TO THE NEW BOSS HE WAS STILL THE FASTEST, THE BEST RUNNER OF THEM ALL—WHEN HIS LEG HEALED!

I'LL SEE THE NEW BOSS—THIS BERT ANDREWS. I'LL PROVE I'M THE BEST!



WITH HOPE REVIVED, MANUEL ENTERED MR. SPENCE'S OFFICE ONLY TO OVERHEAR THE GRIM WORDS...

...SO YOU'RE IN FULL CHARGE, BERT. OH, HELLO, MANUEL. MEET BERT ANDREWS—BERT, THIS IS MANUEL. YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT HIM. WELL, GOODBYE TO BOTH OF YOU! I'LL BE AWAY FOR A WEEK!

TOUGH LUCK ABOUT YOUR ACCIDENT, MANUEL!



I'LL BE ABLE TO GO OUT AGAIN IN A WEEK. WILL THERE BE AN EXPEDITION THEN?

YES! BUT WE CAN'T USE YOU. YOU'RE THROUGH HERE, MANUEL. SPEED IS THE IMPORTANT THING—AND WITH YOUR LEG YOU WILL ONLY DELAY US!



B—BUT I WAS INJURED SERVING THIS COMPANY...

SORRY—BUT I'M IN CHARGE NOW—AND YOU'RE OUT, MANUEL. WE NEED SPEED, NOT CRIPPLES!



WEEKS LATER, WITHOUT A JOB, MANUEL COULD ONLY WATCH AS BERT RECEIVED ALL THE ADULATION THAT USED TO BE HIS. AND BERT BROKE EVEN HIS RECORDS IN SPEEDY RETURNS!

HURRAY FOR BERT ANDREWS! HE'S THE FASTEST THING ON TWO LEGS!

YOU'RE RIGHT, FELLAS! ONLY THE GOATS ARE FASTER THAN I! HA/HA/HA!

COME BACK QUICK— I'LL BE WAITING, BERT!



MANUEL EVEN LOST LITA!

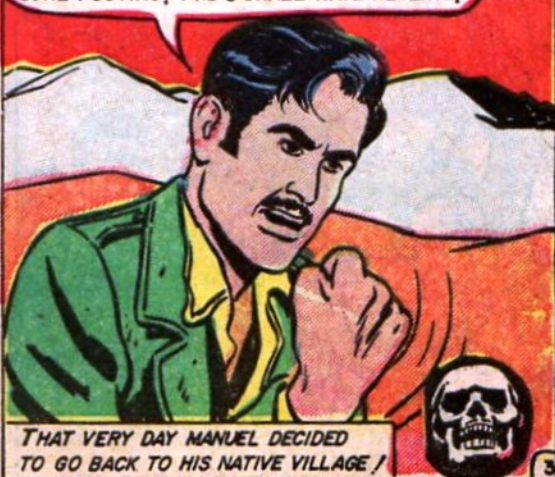
AN IDEA HAD STRUCK MANUEL. THERE WAS A WAY TO GET REVENGE. THE WAYS OF HIS ANCESTORS, THE WAYS OF CERTAIN TRIBES TODAY—HE'D START AT ONCE!

MANUEL, I'D LIKE YOU TO WISH ME GOOD LUCK AND GOOD SPEED!

I SHALL BRING YOU SPEED, BERT!



HE HAS TAKEN MY JOB! HE HAS TAKEN MY LITA! HE SHALL HAVE SPEED AND SURE FOOTING! AND I SHALL HAVE REVENGE!



THAT VERY DAY MANUEL DECIDED TO GO BACK TO HIS NATIVE VILLAGE!

AS MANUEL PROPELLED HIS PRIMITIVE BOAT THROUGH THE SLUGGISH RIVER WATERS, HE FELT EXHILARATED IN THIS RETURN TO THE VODOO VILLAGE. THE LUSH FOLIAGE AND BEADY EYED CROCODILES WARMED HIS SPIRIT!

MY OWN PEOPLE AT LEAST WON'T TURN AGAINST ME. THEY'LL HELP ME!



HE REMEMBERED THE TOTEM POLE WITH THE GOAT GOD OF HIS PEOPLE PERCHED ON TOP AND ITS WONDROUS, STRANGE POWERS!

IF THE PRIEST WILL LET ME TAKE THE GOAT GOD - TO BERT ANDREWS! WHAT A SWEET REVENGE THAT WOULD BE... HA/ HA/ HA!



THE SPELL OF THE WILD TROPICS CARRIED MANUEL BACK TO HIS PRIMITIVE, SUPERSTITIOUS PAST - THE EFFECTS OF YEARS OF EDUCATION, CIVILIZATION EVAPORATING LIKE A MIST!

AND IF THE PRIEST WILL WORK HIS VODOO MAGIC ON IT...



MANUEL WAS NOT SURPRISED BY THE HOSTILE GREETING AS HE APPROACHED HIS NATIVE VILLAGE OF CLIFF DWELLERS!

ME SON OF TU-TU/ ME COME HOME/ ME NEED HELP!



THE VILLAGERS BROUGHT MANUEL TO HIS AGED FATHER, TO WHOM HE TOLD HIS STORY...

OH, FATHER, THE "AMERICANOS" HAVE BETRAYED ME. YOU MUST ASK THE PRIEST TO HELP! HE MUST GIVE ME THE VOO DOO GOAT GOD!

OH, NO! NOT THE GOAT GOD!



GO, MANUEL, TAKE OUR GOAT GOD TO YOUR ENEMY! IT WILL GET REVENGE FOR YOU!



MANUEL TOLD OF HIS SUCCESS AMONG THE WHITES AND HOW THEY BETRAYED HIM. THE PRIEST GAVE HIM THE VOO DOO GOAT GOD.

I - WONDER - WILL IT REALLY WORK THE ANCIENT MAGIC!



WEEKS LATER, ON HIS RETURN TO TOWN, MANUEL WENT DIRECTLY TO BERT ANDREWS. . .

I'VE RETURNED FROM A VISIT TO MY NATIVE VILLAGE--AND I'VE BROUGHT YOU A PRESENT!

FOR ME--A PRESENT?



WHY SHOULD YOU BRING ME A PRESENT, MANUEL. I THOUGHT YOU WERE--WELL--ANGRY.

I WAS, BERT. BUT I'M OVER IT. THIS IS A TOKEN OF MY ADMIRATION FOR YOUR AGILITY. IT WILL SURELY BRING YOU MORE SPEED!



MANUEL WAITED BREATHLESS TO SEE IF HIS PLAN WOULD WORK. WOULD BERT KEEP THE PRESENT OR GET RID OF IT?

WHAT'S THIS... A GOAT?

IT'S THE GOD OF MY PEOPLE. IT'S A SACRED TREASURE, WITH THE POWER TO BESTOW MUCH FLEETNESS OF FOOT ON ITS OWNERS!



WELL, MANUEL, I'M FLATTERED. YOU CAN COME WITH ME ON THE NEXT SAFARI! OH, HERE'S MR. SPENCE. YOU'D BETTER GO NOW!

I'LL BE THERE. GOODBYE, NOW!



WHEN BERT TOLD MR. SPENCE ABOUT MANUEL'S GIFT, A FRIGHTENED LOOK FILLED THE EYES OF THE OLDER MAN. . .

BERT, YOU DON'T INTEND TO KEEP THIS THING? IT'S PROBABLY A VODOO GOD FROM MANUEL'S TRIBE! GET RID OF IT!

DON'T BE FOOLISH, HENRY, IT'S A VALUABLE MUSEUM PIECE. AND I'M NOT SUPERSTITIOUS!



I'VE LIVED HERE MANY YEARS, BERT. THESE VODOO CULTS PERFORM INCREDIBLE, WEIRD ACTS. I WARN YOU, MY BOY. . .

IT'S A GOD OF SPEED. . .AND THAT'S WHAT WE NEED!



I'M SURE YOU WILL BRING ME SPEED AND FORTUNE!



BERT, FLATTERED BY MANUEL'S GIFT, KEPT HIS WORD AND TOOK HIM ON THE NEXT SAFARI AS A MESSAGE BEARER. THEY STOOD BEFORE THE TREACHEROUS MT. TECHERAN. . .

I MUST TRY THIS MOUNTAIN. MAYBE MY VOODOO GOD IS WORKING MAGIC TODAY, EH, MANUEL?

NO! YOU'LL BE KILLED! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS! NO ONE HAS EVER SCALED IT!



THE VOODOO WAS WORKING! MANUEL GLOATED AS HE WATCHED BERT DO THE IMPOSSIBLE. . .

HE'S DONE IT! IT'S MIRACULOUS!

HE'S THE FIRST HUMAN TO DO IT!



THE CROWD CHEERED BERT AS A HERO. FOR THE MOUNTAIN HAD GIVEN MANY OF THE GOLD-BRINGING HERBS. . .

HURRAY FOR BURT! WE HAVE BROUGHT BACK MANY HERBS!



YOUR CLIMB WAS PHEONOMENAL, MY BOY. WE'RE INCREASING YOUR SALARY! BUT I STILL DON'T LIKE THAT VOODOO GOAT OF YOURS. I DON'T TRUST MANUEL. . . HE'S JEALOUS!

HENRY, GODS OR NO GODS, I'VE NEVER BEEN SO FAST IN MY LIFE. MANUEL'S OKAY!



BACK AT THE OFFICE. . .

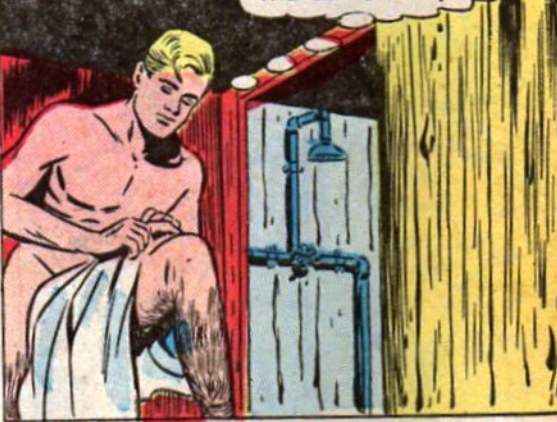
THE NEXT MORNING BERT AGAIN LOOKED AT THE LEGS HE ADMIRSED SO MUCH. THEY SEEMED MORE HAIRY AND MUSCULAR. BUT HE PAID LITTLE ATTENTION. . .

MY LEGS ARE MORE MUSCULAR AND HAIRIER... IT MUST BE FROM ALL THE HARD WORK!



AFTER A REFRESHING SHOWER, BERT GLANCED DOWN AT HIS LEGS. BUT HE DISMISSED WHAT HE SAW. . .

AM I IMAGINING -- MY LEGS HAVE BECOME HAIRY? GUESS THE SUN DID IT!



MAY I COME IN? WONDERED IF YOU WANTED ME ON THE NEXT TRIP, BERT?

YES, MANUEL. BUT, YOU KNOW, THEY SAY YOUR GOD IS EVIL AND WILL HARM ME!



NOT JUDGING FROM OH, NO! I
WHAT YOU DID DON'T BELIEVE
TODAY. BUT I'LL SUPERSTITIOUS
BE GLAD TO NONSENSE. IT'S
TAKE IT BACK... BEEN GOOD
TO ME! I ONLY
WISH I COULD
CLIMB LIKE A
GOAT!



IT'S THE GOAT
GOD THAT HELPED
YOU CONQUER
TECHERAN!



HA HA HA! I
ALMOST
BELIEVE THAT,
MANUEL!

BUT ON THE NEXT EXPEDITION,
BERT AGAIN AMAZED THE ON-
LOOKERS WITH HIS AMAZING
FEATS ON THE CRAGGY LEDGES...

EVEN THE GOATS
DON'T GO WHERE
BERT IS CLIMBING!
COME BACK,
COME BACK!

MY GOAT GOD
IS WORKING
ITS VODOO
MAGIC. HE'LL
NEVER COME
BACK!



EXILARATED, EXCITED BY HIS AMAZING CLIMB
UP THE STRAIGHT FACE OF STONE, BERT
REMOVED HIS SHOE AND SOCK FROM ONE OF HIS
TIRED FEET! HIS EXPRESSION FROZE WITH
HORROR WHEN HE SAW— A HOOF WHERE HIS FOOT
HAD BEEN!



THAT WONDERFUL GOAT
GOD OF MANUEL'S...WHAT?
MY FOOT! MY LEG!

BERT'S CRAVING FOR EVER MORE SPEED, MORE
AGILITY WAS AT LAST REALIZED... HIS BEAUTIFUL
LEGS WERE NOW GONE. INSTEAD HE HAD GOATS'
LEGS THAT COULD SCALE INCREDIBLE ROCKS —
HE BURST INTO A LOUD, CRAZED LAUGHTER...



COME DOWN! BERT
--YOU'RE MAD!

DON'T YOU KNOW — I AM
NOW THE GOAT GOD...WITH
GOAT LEGS... HA HA HA HA!

THEY COULDN'T SEE HIM, BUT THEY COULD HEAR
BERT YELL... "I AM TURNING INTO A GOAT"! THEY
THOUGHT HE WAS CRAZED!

BUT BERT KNEW HE COULD NEVER RETURN WITH
HIS GOAT LEGS!



COME, LET'S BRING
HIM DOWN!

I'LL NEVER COME
DOWN! GOOD BYE!

NOW ONLY
THE GOATS
COULD HEAR
BERT, AND
THEN HE
DISAPPEARED.

WHEN THE MEN REACHED THE POINT WHERE
BERT HAD DISAPPEARED — FOREVER!



IT CAN'T BE, LOOK!
FOOTPRINTS OF A
GOAT, AND BERT--
IS--IS-- GONE!

I AM AVENGED, OH GOD
OF PALAU! I SHALL
RETURN YOUR GOAT
GOD!

THE END

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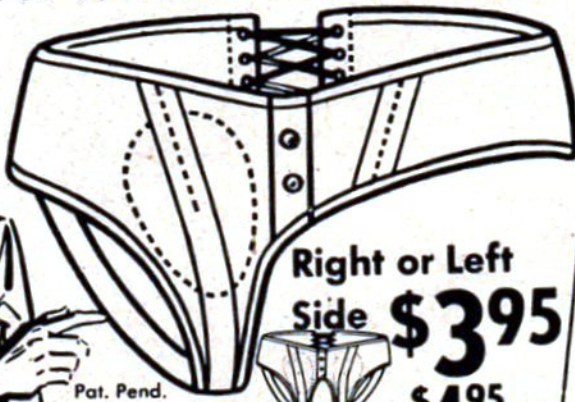


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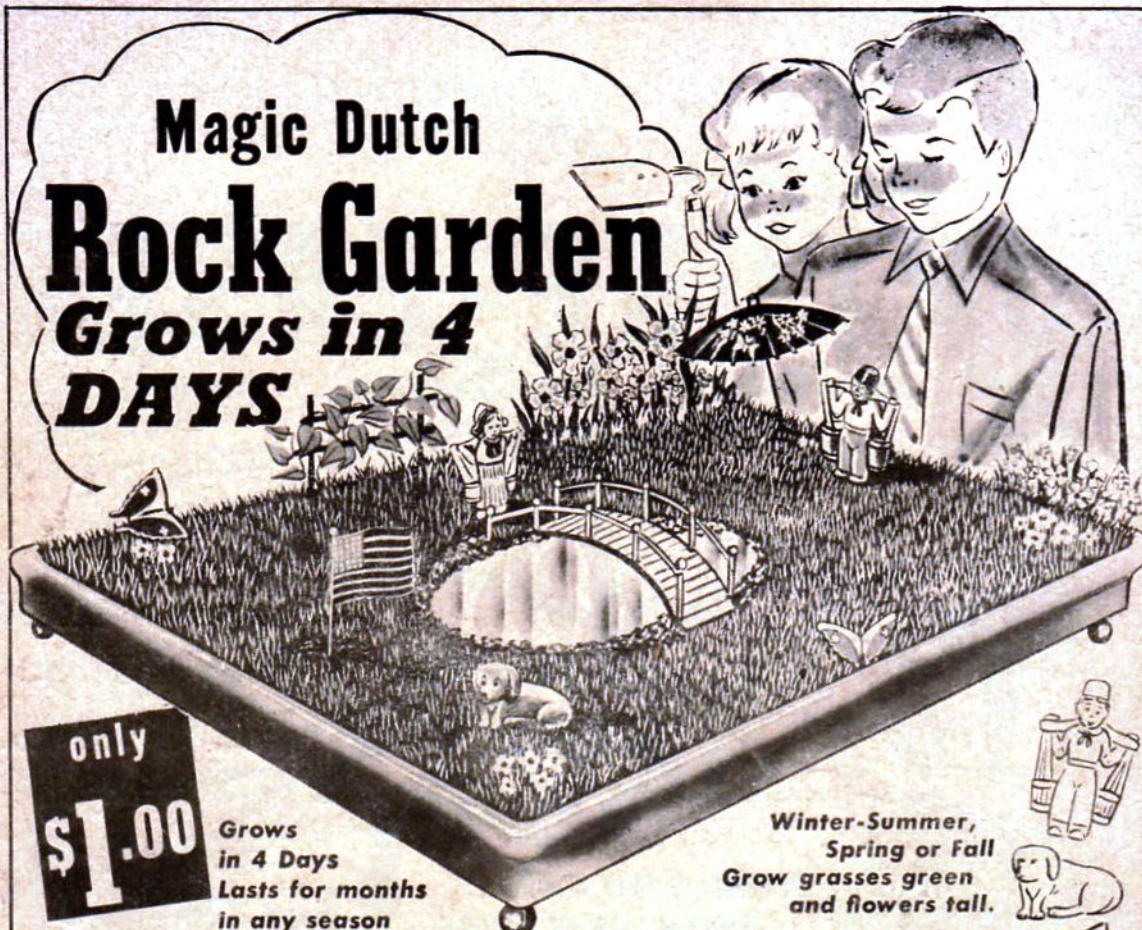
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